

WEST SAXON

SUMMER 1937



*With the
Hon. Secretary's Compliments.*

*"West Saxon"
Students' Union,
University College,
Southampton.*



THE WEST SAXON



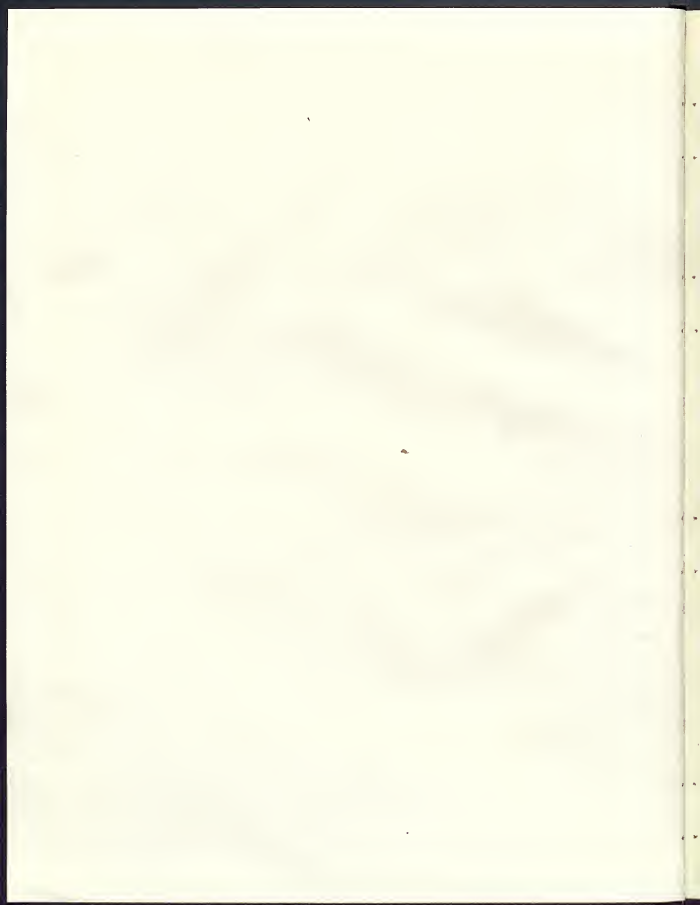
University College, Southampton

Summer Term, 1937

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL	37
THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB	40
ACCOUNTS BALANCED	41
AT CAMPE	47
IN TERRA ALIENA	48
TIME OF ARRIVAL	49
THE MADONNA OF THE COTTON FIELDS	49
FREEDOM OF SPEECH	50
POEM	52
PREPARATION	52
KNIGHT ERRANT	53
AHMED ABDULLA	54
N.U.S. CONGRESS	56
ATHLETIC UNION	59
HALL NOTES	62





EDITORIAL

The self respect and solidarity of College has been growing during the last few years. The Sims Library, the new Physics block, the knowledge that the plans for the new Refectory are no longer in the air, and the clearly growing confidence in the Students' Union make everyone feel that our place and unity are stronger than they ever have been. This real progress has only been achieved by the hard work and backing of a good part of the Union and by the harder work of successive Presidents and Secretaries in close co-operation with the Principal and Staff.

The College feels that the WEST SAXON is not a lively enough organ of its vigorous activities, that it does not reveal many of the intelligent opinions current among us in a half formed shape. Expression would do much to crystallise and make them clear. This is a deficiency that can only be ended by individual effort and the coaching of next year's editorial staff who promise to be both enterprising and efficient.

The Congress of the National Union of Students held at Connaught Hall in April gave us a new dignity in our own eyes. We received delegates from nearly every Union in Great Britain, and were to a great extent responsible for their comfort and entertainment. The practical discussions of the Congress and unofficial talks with delegates gave us a much clearer understanding of our own problems and position in relation to those of other Universities and University Colleges, and this understanding was helped considerably by the Congress taking place in our own College.

This year has seen a regular termly influx of foreign students, who do not seem very *foreign* to us. They have been such pleasant and friendly people that we have rather inclined to take them for granted. We have learnt more about the ordinary life of other nations and exactly where their countries lie and who their neighbours are than ever we knew before. Perhaps more important than new personal friendships and new knowledge of different countries is a new understanding of how easy the give and take between nations really is today. Just as the N.U.S. Congress has made us realise that our particular problems are common to other Universities, so has our stream of foreign students made us realise that students have much in common in work and in play in all countries and in all time. We seem to be reaching a clearer understanding of U.C.S. and its relation to the Universities and life of Britain and the world by new contacts with a larger world. We hope that both sides will continue to enjoy a continual and deepening exchange of this kind.

The final WEST SAXON of the session 1936-37 would not be complete without some appreciation of those people who have

made the Union Activities of this year an outstanding achievement.

The President. P. G. Wickens.

During his first two years at Coll., Phil, or P. G. as he is known to some, maintained the reputation of being stand-offish, a little superior, and almost the foreigner's traditional idea of the isolated, insular Englishman. Last year he obtained the opportunity of showing that tact which has so characterised his handling of Union affairs, especially behind the scenes, during this present session. The fact that he has completely overcome his original reputation says much for his strength of character as well as for the appealing qualities in it. Tact, patience, human understanding and total absence of side has made it a joy and pleasure to work with him—as all S.C. will agree.

On any and every occasion of the session Phil has been a notable figure, chatting with any and everybody. His willingness to speak plainly if occasion demands is never carried so far as to hurt any individual's feelings. A great capacity for taking pains is characteristic of him. He will certainly be remembered for years to come for his great achievements on behalf of the Union.

The Vice-President. Miss M. D. Scott.

It is almost enough to say that of Scott "Venit, vidit, vicit," but that hardly covers the range of her abilities. On the field, in Hockey and Athletics, in the Labs and Lecture Theatres, on the stage and in S.C. she has always been well-liked, capable and outstanding. Everyone was very glad to see her back for this session, and it is one of the best signs of our complete faith in Scottie that during her absence from Coll. she was elected to the Vice-Chairmanship of the Union by an overwhelming majority. Our confidence has been justified, and Scott is better liked and more respected than ever.

The Secretary. A. W. Ridgewell.

Ridge came to Coll. as a raw Cockney, a noisy Socialist, but his enthusiasm has been harnessed to the offices of Secretary to the New Hall House Committee. A minor calamity—Ridge broke his leg playing Soccer and was forced to realise his dependence on others, and emerged changed but with the same fervent sincerity.

In 1936 he was entrusted with the Chairmanship of Connaught Hall and of the Science Faculty, and the Secretaryship of Students' Union.

Lack of side, capability, and firm tact have made Ridge successful in his various capacities, and especially in his work for the Union. He is not afraid of a spot of hard work and is willing to receive the help and advice of others. He keeps the main object in view in discussions, and is not too much of an idealist to ignore practical necessities. The understanding between

him and the President is no "treading on corns." No one will know it is Ridge unless we speak of those outbursts of kiddish boisterousness that so suddenly give place to our serious Secretary.

V. G. R.

Robbie reminds one of a cork floating on a stormy sea. He may be buffeted hither and thither by tempestuous waves but he always comes out smiling. It must be that "Bovril Feeling." His buoyancy and happy-go-lucky nature are among his most appealing assets, although some say he is over-boisterous at times. Capable of considerable hard work in anything which claims his interest, his disadvantage is that this interest often wanes. Nevertheless, he usually gets his jobs done somehow or other. He has been a pillar of strength to the Soccer Club and the Athletic Club. Goalkeeper for the former for four years he achieved the honour of captaincy during his last session. His "quarters" have become almost characteristic features of any sports meeting. He will be remembered as the possessor of a boisterous camaraderie and a shining social light.

D. B.

Primarily remembered for his efforts for Stage Soc. and Operatic Soc. His brilliant characterisations of the husband in the "Bill of Divorce," and of Dick Deadeye in "H.M.S. Pinafore" will be remembered for a long time. But it is not only on the stage that he is recognised as being a character. His ready wit and sparkling gloom will be missed as much as his unruly hair.

We wish these and all those who are going down this year the best of luck and success in their future careers.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

DURING the past two years the number of foreign students in this College has greatly increased, and the opportunity has therefore been taken to found a Cosmopolitan Club, the object of which is to ensure that the mutual benefits which we and they may derive from their sojourn here may be as great as possible. The opportunity of spending a part of one's student life in a foreign university is one that we would all welcome, and though it may be denied to most of us, we are anxious that those to whom it has been vouchsafed to spend a term or two here should not only benefit academically but should also be enabled to live our life and to imbibe the spirit of our society as fully and pleasantly as possible. But the Cosmopolitan Club not only exists for the benefit of our visitors, but also that we too may avail ourselves to the full of the opportunities which their presence affords. We are conscious of an insularity and angularity, and hope in the society and conversation of our guests to achieve the just proportion of humility and pride, and by the understanding of alien points of view and problems to approach the duties of citizenship with a widened vision.

In case there be some who would say that this is an English College, and that its delights and endowments are not meant for those of alien race, we should remember the high tradition of international co-operation which is embodied in our inheritance. We anticipate University status for our College, but to claim that privilege involves also the recognition of its responsibilities. The "University," as its name implies, is a child of that earlier age when national divisions were but vaguely drawn, and when men thought in the terms of an undivided society, united by a single culture and an undivided faith. The "Studia Generalia" of the Middle Ages were the last fruits of the supranational ideal of the papacy, and, in a sense, instruments devised by that champion of the unity of Christendom to counter the growing nationalism of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Universities of Salerno and Naples were part of the programme which the Emperor Frederick II elaborated to restore the ideal of the Holy Roman Empire; those of Bologna and Pavia were the stoutest champions of the Imperial concept of the unity of political organisation. Innocent III championed the cause of the youthful University of Paris to counter the nationalism of Philip Augustus and the Gallicanism of the French bishops. Charles IV established the University of Prague to provide an intellectual centre for the training of scholars, clerics and civil servants who were to be the leaders and the servants of his Empire. In that University were four "Nations," which, under the general titles of Bohemians, Bavarians, Poles, and Saxons, embraced students from Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, Bavaria, Brandenburg, Silesia, Italy, the Netherlands, France and the Balkans. The Universities of Paris and Oxford also demonstrate their international character by a similar division into "Nations." The interchange of scholars is the key to the greatness of late mediaeval intellectual achievement. Englishmen made their great contribution to learning in all the universities of Europe: John of Salisbury, Ockham, Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon in Paris; Peter Payne at Prague; Vacarius the Italian was the earliest Oxford teacher of repute; his fellow countrymen, Marsiglio of Padua, co-operated with Jean of Jandun at Paris to produce the "Defensor Pacis"; Matthias of Janov the Czech earned the title of Magister Parisiensis; Jerome of Prague who followed Hus to the stake at Constance was at Oxford, and Adalbertus Ranconis, a Master of Prague, established scholarships at Oxford for Bohemian students. This list merely touches the fringe of the achievements of that international scholarship which the mediaeval concept of the unity of Christen-

dom and the existence of the living Latin language of the schoolmen made possible.

The nationalization of the universities is one of the more tragic features of that movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which replaced the mediaeval concept of unity by the principles and practice of national sovereignty. The national exclusiveness of Louis XI subordinated the University of Paris to the State; the nationalistic excitement of the Czechs expelled the Germans from Prague in 1409 and drove them to found a university at Leipsic, which was begotten in national rivalry and hate; the Henrician schism cut Oxford and Cambridge off from the regenerating infusion of abundant foreign scholars.

It was one of the most hopeful signs of a growing international spirit in the nineteenth century when again the interflow of scholars began, when English scientists went to complete their training in Heidelberg and Bonn, when French savants went to St. Petersburg, and German students of literature and history went to Rome and Oxford and London. The free exchange of commodities and ideas was the greatest chance of defeating political rivalries that the world had before 1914; since that year, both forms of free exchange have suffered a set back, and it is therefore with the greater pleasure that we welcome to Southampton those Germans, Swiss, French, Estonian, Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Lithuanian, Polish, Yugo-Slav, Czechoslovak, Cypriot, Maltese, Argentine, Uruguayan, Burmese and Spanish fellow students whom we meet in the Cosmopolitan Club, and with whom we share all the good things of life from metaphysical theories to currant cake.

The ethnologists are just beginning to learn and just beginning to dare to teach us that heredity and environment are much overestimated physical accidents, and it is in the faith of our common humanity, in the realization of its common needs and purposes that the Cosmopolitan Club exists as a modest contribution to living the full life freed from the prejudices of race and place.

ACCOUNTS BALANCED

THE sun over the New Forest was sinking into the September haze. The wide main road, cutting with white decision through the billowy expanse of autumn-coloured treeland, flung its two white arms to the east and to the west, up hill and down dale. On the crest of a rising in the road stood the Ploughshare Inn, tall and narrow like a miniature brick skyscraper, and entwined with ivy. Mr. Graham, trudging along in the trough of the valley with his white terrier Mike, gazed at it with eyes that showed hunger, thirst, and utter exhaustion. He had sighted the Ploughshare long ago, like a welcome sail in uncharted seas, from the top of the last hill, and for more than half an hour it had mocked him like a mirage, daring his approach. At last he dragged himself into the private bar, the little dog trotting at his heels.

He slumped down at a table near the counter. The landlord, placidly polishing a small glass, looked at him enquiringly.

"Phew! Beer, please. A pint."

"Yes sir."

"Thank you. Ah-h-h-h!"

There was no one else in the bar; the landlord leaned on the counter and looked at Mr. Graham appreciatively as he drained his glass.

"Goes down good, don't it?"

"That it does; cool beer is the food of the gods after you've been walking twenty miles. This is my first to-day. Going to have one with me?"

"Thanks, I think I will, there's not much doing. I'll come and sit round there. Twenty miles, eh?"

"Yes, from Bournemouth. I'm on holiday; it was a fine morning, so I thought I'd walk to Southampton,—spend a few days with some friends, you know. Bit too much for me, though, I'm getting on."

The landlord laughed, a friendly laugh, sympathetic, and encouraging. Mr. Graham relaxed and expanded. The unobtrusive light from a quietly-burning gas-bracket shone on the oak benches and on the rows of bottles and glasses behind the bar; mugs and tankards and full-chested casks of beer stood about in readiness for masculine carousals. The terrier's tail thumped quietly upon the floor.

"Nice dog. I like a good terrier. How are ye, boy!" The landlord bent down and patted Mike's flank and scratched him behind the ear, smiling absently. Suddenly he looked up, his lips came together, and one black eyebrow shot up with a reminiscent crinkle of his forehead.

"That reminds me! It's funny, but if I remember rightly, it was a white terrier caused a bit of trouble here once before."

"Oh!"

"Yes; you see, it was like this. I let one of my rooms upstairs—bed and breakfast, now and again, to gentlemen who come in, like you, maybe. Well, one night I had a gent, small feller he was, sort of fat, and going bald. He was funny. Couldn't stand dogs, loathed 'em: it wasn't so much that they didn't like him, but somehow they scared him, scared him stiff. I don't know how he managed to get about the streets, but there it was, he was scared of dogs, just like a little kid. When he came into the bar there was a little dog in here, one of the dogs from the farm it was, always in and out here, and all over the house if it got the chance. He didn't notice it at first, but after he said he'd like to stay the night he caught sight of it. You should have seen him; he sort of—hissed, and backed away, like this."

The landlord put his hands on the edge of the table and backed away suddenly, half rising in his chair and drawing his breath inwards sharply through clenched teeth. The dog growled and looked up at him.

"It's all right, Mike; lie down!"

The innkeeper continued his story. "Scared me, it did, the way that chap looked; then he asked me quick where the room was, and I said I'd take him up. He was up those stairs like a shot. 'Don't let that dog come up here,' he said, 'Can't bear dogs.' I showed him to his room. The window was wide open at the bottom, it had been a hot day; I was going over to shut it, but he told me to go away, he'd see to it himself; seemed as if he wanted to get rid of me. He told me to bring him up something to eat, so I came back downstairs to get him some supper. Next time I saw that chap he was lying dead with his head bashed in. I don't know exactly how it happened, but I had been down here maybe ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, pottering about, getting a few things to take up, and my wife, she was boiling some water for a cup of coffee for him, when I heard a sort of shout, or scream, I don't know how to describe it. Seemed to come from upstairs. The missus heard it too; we ran up to see what was the matter. The stranger, he wasn't in his room,

but we didn't have to ask where he was ; there was the dog barking, all excited, in front of the wide-open window. The poor chap was lying on the cobblestones twenty feet below, all sprawled out. He must have sort of lurched backwards when he saw the dog, just like he did in the bar. The window's very low in the wall—wouldn't take much to overbalance and fall out. When we got to him he was dead. They brought it in Accidental Death."

The landlord finished his second pint, and leaned back to receive the homage of his customer. Mr. Graham said how remarkable it was, and that he had never heard anything like it before.

"Queer, being afraid of dogs, like that," he added, stressing what appeared to him as the most remarkable part of the narrative. He then ordered another pint, and the innkeeper went off to attend to customers who were beginning to come into the public bar. Mr. Graham reflected on the story; nothing really remarkable in it, he concluded, although he allowed it must have been something of a nine days' wonder to the innkeeper; having someone killed in your own house; it would have affected him in the same way, he supposed, tolerantly. And besides, nothing very exciting ever happened in these lonely spots; that dogphobia, too, nothing startling in that : just the poor man's misfortune : lots of people had queer aversions, he knew men who were inexplicably afraid of cats, many women loathed mice and creepy things ; claustrophobia, too, the fear of being shut up anywhere . . .

He turned these things over drowsily in his mind as he sat in his corner, and would probably have fallen asleep over them had he not been roused by a noisy crowd coming into the bar where he was and calling loudly for drinks. They kept up their flow of high spirits and began some kind of raffle with slips of paper with numbers on, which called forth much buffoonery, loud laughter, and swearing, pierced at times by the shrill cackling laugh from a woman amongst them. All this jarred so much on Mr. Graham's nerves after the blissfully quiet evening he had anticipated that he thought about continuing his walk, or straightway taking a bus to his destination. He rose stiffly from his seat, paid his reckoning, and made sadly towards the door, with an unheeded "goodnight" to the boisterous company. Before he could reach the door, however, he realised how truly he had spoken when he had said half-jocularly to the landlord that he was "getting on." Every step he took told him painfully of the rustiness of his tired joints.

He went back to the bar, and leaned over.

"Yes sir ? "

"I'm pretty well done up; do you think you could let me have that room you were talking about ? I'd like to turn in straight away, after I've had something to eat."

"Yes sir; certainly." His face changed a little. "Oh, I forgot," he said, "I'm afraid you'll have to share it with another gentleman. He's been up there all the afternoon."

"Oh;—oh, but that's all right, I don't mind sharing."

"Right you are, sir; we'll get the spare single bed up, that is, if the other gent don't mind. First on the right it is sir, at the top of the stairs."

"Good, I'll—wait a minute! Where's my dog ? He was here just now. Mike! "

The terrier did not come at his call.

"Oh, he can't be far away, sir. I expect he's out the back, can't get lost out there sir, all fenced in. Better go out and have a look. Through that door there."

Mr. Graham went into the garden. It was long and narrow, and sloped downwards to a brook winding through the valley. He called several times, and at last found the dog at the bottom.

"Ha. Mike, you rascal! What is it then, rats? Come on!"

Mike growled at something in the grass, but made no attempt to follow his master back to the house. Mr. Graham thought he might as well leave him there if he was enjoying himself; it was a beautiful night for ratting. He made his way slowly up the path back to the inn, through the back door, and up the stairs to his room.

The "other gentleman" was there, sitting in a low cane chair. A nervous politeness began.

"Good evening."

"Good evening."

"Er—I hope you don't mind, er—you know, having me here, sharing the room, and all that. You were here first, you know."

"No, no, not at all. Carry on; I shan't be here long."

"Oh,—er, thanks; I'm only staying the night," said Mr. Graham. "Well, I think I'll go downstairs and see what there is to eat; see you again."

Where had he seen that man before? Something about his face, his build. . . . He pondered over it as he went down the stairs. On the way down he met his dog, who had apparently left his ratting and followed him indoors after all. The dog wagged his tail and went on jerkily up the stairs.

"You're acting queerly to-night," he said to him, laughing, and went on down. The landlord saw him as he reached the foot of the stairs.

"Everything all right, sir? We've got you a bit of supper. Just go in there, will you, I think the missus is laying it. Oh, just a minute, I forgot to tell you, but you won't have to share your room, after all; the other gent's gone. While you were out the back he came and told me he'd decided not to stay for the night, after all."

"Oh, good. But that's funny,—er, he hasn't gone yet, has he?"

"Yes sir, he went straight away, while you were out the back."

"Then who — ? Then who's that up there now?"

"Where sir, in your room? Nobody so far as I know."

"But there's a man in the room; I've just this minute been speaking to him. Listen! Is that someone shouting?"

"That's queer;—hark at that dog."

A long quavering howl went echoing through the house. The landlord and Mr. Graham looked fixedly at one another with wrinkled brows and half-open mouth; then with one accord they both made up the stairs and into the room.

There was no one there; no man, no dog. The window, wide open at the bottom, let in a chill autumn breeze, and the curtains flapped nonchalantly. Everything was silent. Obeying some instinct, they both went to the window and looked down. Twenty feet below them, in the yellow glow cast by the light from the kitchen window, they could faintly discern the mangled body of a white terrier.





AT CAMPE

Friday, March 19. This day to College to loading of waggon with paraphernalia for campe, this being the season for same, but Lord! how wet and to continue. To Town afterwards where did help in purchase of flag, this being Coronation year and the fellows feeling mighty patriotic. Thence by boat and my own two feet to a place "The Noads," being no coaches which did please me ill.

Saturday, 20th. Up early this morning, having slept but ill, Lord! how hard the ground is. Did receive duties from Mr. Mann, he being skilled therein. So to valley to survey with Master Hatchwell and Master Miles, and thereupon did trudge the whole day up and downe, until my limbes ache mightily. Was gladd to return to campe, sup off a welcome hash—and soe to bed.

Tuesday, 23rd. Woke this morn to find snowe. Did essay to level the dammed valley, but soe shramed with the colde, pencil slippt between fingers, soe bacque to campe and bedde for warmthe, albeit the sun did come to melt the stuffe. Bridge this eve by candlelight and to argue the points to score above and below the line, especially the doubling. Supped off a great cake-parkin, and soe to bed.

Wednesday, 24th. Varied internal disorders doe affect the campe soe much soe that sundrie doe betake themselves to the woodes to moan—especially one which hath a foule disorder. Listened into boat race this day by a wireless whereupon was mighty gladd that Oxford did contrive to win against Cambridge after a great struggle—how hot did get in the excitement.

Thursday, 25th. To Hilltope with others whereupon did embibe at Royal Oke, but no billiards mores the pitie. Howsumever our fellowes did put a brave shoue at darts again the locales which did please me mightily.

Home by moonlight, did heare of one Master Millington the Cooke had argument with gorse bush, the which, carrying liquor, did momentarily upset his equilibrium to suche goode effect at which he did recount his mishape some for times to one member thinking it to be for several persons.

Saturday, 27th. I was gladd to meet a familiar acquaintance in Master Cochrane, who, with Master Vincent, did visit the campe with Master Bobbie Sutton who did stay the while.

To star gazing this eve; and how to pick out the one amongst the crowd God knows! Master Vivian did calle to see a strange light in high tree which did cause conjecture amongst the fellowes some saying it to be eagle, gloweworms or the owle—but gun shotte not dislodging the same the cooke did climbe, upon the tree, a hazardous task at any time but Lord! in the night how much more soe, which did cause my heart to flutter for his safetie, but all to noe effect as he did find the glitter to be a glasse bottle tope which did make him to swear greatly and at length, and did cause us below much merriment thereupon, especially to see him with Vivian the afterwarde.

Monday, 29th (Easter Monday). Dined at campe, and there being a dance at Hythe did long to do; so to Hythe by horse with 2 thereupon which did cause me some apprehension. The dance being at some smalle hall did goe in campe suitings unshaven which did cause the wenches to looke askance thereupon which did bode ill for us, which had come this longue way to join in the revelries. Howsumever, did happen upon a wench who did enquire where we were at campe and whye, could think of nothing better than looking for Prince Rufus' lost treasures. Whereat to see the mirth spring into her eyes. Homewards again on foot and hard work

God knows! Did reach campe in safetie at 1 o'clock, except one who although a runner of repute did arrive later which did cause me to wonder at his goings on with the pretty wench.

Thursday, April 1st. Have returned to civilisation this day after 2 weekes at the bacque of beyond, and soe to Congress.

IN TERRA ALIENA

WE feel that some special mention should be made in our magazine concerning the Spanish refugee children encamped at North Stoneham, where so many of our students, and other citizens of Southampton have done much excellent work. But we are not satisfied with being complacent. The newspapers footed a good deal about "war waifs" and "buttercups" during the first few days. Photographs of "happy Spanish children" appeared in the popular illustrated papers and some of our students were seen for a fleeting moment on Gaumont British News. Everything in the garden, in fact, looked lovely. But, in reality, conditions at first were very bad indeed. There was a complete lack of organisation—numbers of willing helpers without specific jobs, plenty of food but badly distributed. Some of the children were almost starving in the midst of plenty. "The food during the first few days," said one of their teachers, "was really terrible, and although I felt rather hungry, I could not eat it." Everything in fact, was very English, and (like most things English) came out right in the end after an incredible muddle. Now there is order instead of chaos, discipline instead of go-as-you-please, and the food is better, more plentiful, and more equally distributed.

The process of evacuation begun in Bilbao is still going on. The children are being rapidly moved from North Stoneham to various institutions up and down the country. Some have been sent to London, some to the Isle of Wight, some to the North as far as Newcastle. Most of them are glad to get away from the camp, for the Spaniards are not used to camping and the novelty does not last very long. Certain bright spirits left before they were sent for, and were brought back by car after wandering several miles.

It was surprising to discover how many of the students who do not study modern languages in an official way, began to take a sudden interest in Spanish. You cannot get very far with signs, and ignorance of a strange tongue, especially in the mouths of small children, is very humiliating. It is still more humiliating to find out that, even when you have learnt Spanish, some of the children do not understand a word, because they speak Basque—which is quite another thing.

However, this little article is not about English people, but about Spanish people. The children are, for the most part, very bright, very healthy, and of excellent physique. They play with great energy (especially football, at which they excel), and perform their national dances with precision and grace—to the manner born, and not like pupils from a School of Country Dancing. Music is in their blood; they find no difficulty in "singing to the lord in a strange land." In short, they seem very much more alive than most English boys of their age.

It has been a great experience for us at the camp, meeting the next generation of a splendid race. Some of the older students, and members of the staff, will

remember similar conditions in 1918, when the Belgian refugees came to this country. But for most of us it was something quite new. The work was hard, and everybody was happy doing it. The children and their teachers and their priests are exceedingly grateful, not only to those who are helping at the camp or at the various institutions throughout England, but also to the English people as a nation. "Los ingleses son muy, muy simpáticos." It would be a pity to spoil this by translation.

TIME OF ARRIVAL

THE morning over the bar
of curved wheels gradually resting,
pulling from motion towards,
giving to the drag of brakes—

The grey coming into a wall,
a cliff of space resistantly tearing,
the light winning its way,
the shape growing whole
under our eyes—

The dozen species of dream
rolling and finding; compression,
the poem writing itself out,
the tale rushing to an ending,
the hurt, the repression, the lid
opening into the day

THE MADONNA OF THE COTTON FIELDS

THE illustrations in *Wessex* are always pleasing and often a welcome reminder of arts we see too little of in Southampton. This year the reproduction of Dame Laura Knight's "Madonna of the Cotton Fields" makes us wish we could have seen the whole collection that was shown at College during the long vacation, and unfortunately did not remain until term began.

But most of us have looked twice at the picture and its title and seen some incompatibility between them. The title is challenging, but the picture only shows a negro woman nursing her baby. We are not offended by the rubber apron but by the artist's not understanding that a mother is not a madonna. She paints the dropped shoulders of a working woman who has picked up her child for a few minutes in the afternoon. The mother is absorbed in the lovely baby on her knee. She has not the poise and detachment of a Madonna who sees herself and the child entrusted to her as units of a comprehensive scheme. The mother's eyes do not consider us as part of her world and take us up into the spirit of the picture; the child's eyes are human and appealing, born to sorrow not to comfort.

Dame Laura Knight's work is always imaginative, bold and solid, outstanding for its gusto, but often disappointing. Her *Spring in Cornwall* is brilliant in conception and colour, masterly in execution, every brush-stroke is excellent and fat with life, but the unity and truth of the whole picture is destroyed by the trivial pose of the woman

in the foreground. She always seems to miss that perfect synthesis that makes the greatest art, even if, as in the case of the Madonna, it is the title that betrays her failing.

Our disappointment in modern work comes more from its want of final satisfaction than quarrel with technique. And perhaps this arises from its continual study of people absorbed in personal and present-day values, whatever is the artist's medium. Edna Ferber has a whole gallery of mothers, typical of our age, who are bitterly and uncomprehendingly disappointed in their children because they have not that detachment from actualities that gives understanding. There are others, women artists such as Mrs. Woolff, who impress us with the peace and permanence of their creations. Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse* takes her place beside the Mona Lisa in our mental gallery.

Such artists as these three make us wonder if eventually a woman will produce work equal to the best in power and perfect synthesis of the actual and lasting truth.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH

IT was Pete Riley ; he was a great friend of mine once ; we used to get around together quite a bit, then he became queer, all of a sudden. Worried, and jumpy. I thought he'd started working, or something. He would disappear, it seemed to me, for weeks on end. Then one day, about a fortnight ago, he came up to me, and asked me if I could do anything to help him.

"I'm in the devil of a hole," he said. "One of those chaps who go about with queer ties, *you* know, Tillotson his name is, he's asked me, or rather, told me, to speak at a meeting or something they're having in the Music Studio. I don't know what to do ; I don't know what they want me to talk about. Why couldn't they get somebody else ? They think I'm an intellect, though," he added, reflectively.

"An intellect !" I echoed. Pete is good at soccer, cricket, swimming, boxing, and all that, but if this College was to run a summer term course for Pre-Pleistocene students from the Lost World, Pete would still be the biggest bone-head here. Eh?—Well, no, perhaps not so bad as that ; in fact, he's pretty good at his work whenever he likes to get down to it, but he's just an average, good-natured chap, like you or me. No intellect about him, though, if you know what I mean.

I asked him how he managed to get mixed up with the Tillotson bunch, and he gave me the facts.

"I was in refec.," he said, "I'd got there before the crowd, and was sitting alone at the end of a table, drinking coffee, and smoking, peacefully enough, when I heard what I thought was a lot of dymanite going off, chairs being flung through windows, people beating on sheets of tin, and women screaming hysterically. It was only Tillotson, though, and that crowd, coming into refec. They all came and sat at my table. Tillotson began to harangue 'em about something ; I didn't take much notice of them; refec. began to fill up, and I just sat there, staring in front of me, sort of absentmindedly, at nothing in particular. One of the chaps at a table opposite had a couple of books he was leaning his elbow on while he drank his coffee, they came into my line of vision and I absently read the title of the top one : *The Hegelian Triad*. I must have said it aloud, for it seemed to rouse old Tillotson into greater fury ; he clapped me on the shoulder, and shaking my hand warmly, told me and the rest of the table that he had found someone who understood, someone who was not utterly benighted, someone who might do credit to the great standards of thought which united the workers of the world and held up the pillars of civilisation. I was going to tell him about his metaphors, but I couldn't get a word in. His energy and stamina were amazing, and his vocabulary immeasurable. He went on talking for a long while, and I couldn't get up and come away because of the crush all around, you know what it's like sometimes in refec. Besides, I had to be polite to the chap ; he was looking at me earnestly the whole time. Well, he went on and on, and I didn't really take much notice,—tell you the truth, I couldn't understand a word he was talking about—and sort of became absent-minded again. I chanced to look at the other book the chap at the opposite table was leaning on, and did the same thing again, read the title out, without thinking about it : *Dialectical Materialism*. I had hardly got these words out when I was brought back to earth by a sort of violent rumbling sound ; It was old Tillotson, he was standing up, leaning over the table, and shaking me by the hand again ; the rumbling sound was made by his chair being pushed back as he stood up. I backed away from him, but I shouldn't have done this, for he was just in the act of bringing his hand down to slap me on the back ; the result was, he missed me completely and swept old Tracy's coffee right off the table into my lap. Tracy apologised to Tillotson—you know that mug Tracy : I felt like taking a sock at him—Tillotson said it was all right and gave Tracy my coffee, whilst I wrung myself out. Then he started talking again and went on until there was hardly anyone left in refec., and I made an excuse and said I had a lec. He pointed to the clock. "You can't go yet," he said, "it's a quarter of an hour too early." "Three quarters too late," I replied, but he didn't hear me, for he was gabbling off some nonsense about Comsomols or something—something to do with share-pushing, isn't it ?—Well, I wouldn't know, anyway.

He couldn't hold me down after twelve, and I never went to a lecture more thankfully, that I can remember.

Well, it's been going on for weeks now ; he thinks I'm a genius, or an intellect, or something, just like him, but whenever I open my mouth to disabuse the fellow, he either shuts me up with a torrent of philosophy or he just doesn't seem to notice I'm around. Introduced me to a lot of his pals, too ; I feel as if a net is closing round on me ; I buy tickets for things, I have books lent me, I have papers thrust at me by people who dart round corners and disappear ; I'm going mad, Mad ! Now and then they drag me to a picture show in the hall—silent pictures they are—I saw a kind of

re-issue of one of the first versions of *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, carried out in blinding storms of sleet and sand, and there's only one orang-outang in the original story, isn't there? About this speech, though; I don't know what to do. What *can* I do; no, don't be funny; I mean, I can't say I'm ill or anything, not now, its to late, the darned thing's to-morrow. Help me, will you, *do* something. I've always been a pal to you."

"Don't get sentimental," I said, "don't you know *anything* about it? Fascism, that's what it is; you'd better read up something about it to-night. There must be some books in the library about Fascism."

"Yes I suppose that's the only way; oh, I wish I were dead."

I patted him on the shoulder and told him to be a man, and went away dejectedly.

That was a fortnight ago. Last week I saw him again. He looked happy, colour had come back into his cheeks.

"Hullo," I said, "how did the speech go?"

"What speech? Oh, that!" He laughed. "Oh, yes; I read up a bit the night before, like you told me to, and got there early. In the Music Studio it was to be. Well, I waited a long time, about an hour it must have been, but no one else turned up, so I went on home. Haven't seen old Tillotson since, or any of them; not to speak to!"

CONSIDERING the weight of a world created,
Lamps's last flicker and fire's greying ash,
Can you believe us confident and gay,
Fearing no lash?

Where shall we find
Peace of the Stable and light?
Here in the mind
No quiet room, only flight
Thwarted and blind for us in a dead world's dust.
Tired children we stay
And in our play
Configuration of the life of a time-worn nation.

PREPARATION

EVERY year the cry for fuller and longer education is more widely taken up; training becomes necessary for a larger number of occupations, in all things the period of preparation is lengthened. It seems inevitable at a time when the span of life for the average man grows longer, when everyone seeks more responsible and remunerative posts and conditions and demands become continually more complex and exacting. But whether this tendency in education is for our ultimate happiness is either not considered or shelved.

It is commonly accepted that we are younger for our years than the Elizabethans, but this may be merely a truth of convention. There is a good deal of

Hang your clothes on a hickory bough
But don't go near the water


in most parents' attitude towards education and life. Often when a boy makes it plain that he does not want to stay at school beyond sixteen the parents feel that their

son is wanting in proper ambition. It is far more likely that he has good stuff in him and wants to begin work, to be independent and make his own way. The pity of it is that more youngsters do not realise that they want to go in and struggle for themselves. This period of preparation is too long for many people who enter into training for some skilled work. They soon know that it will always be a cold splash when they begin work, however long the splash is put off, and are deadened by the long wait.

Our generation is the only one that can speak from experience, for it is the first for whom a long training has been widely possible. We should know whether everyone who has received training is as happy in it as he would have been in active work at an earlier age. We should decide whether to agitate for training for every kind of work under the sun. We shall have to decide whether we will always play safe and shepherd those we advise into safe "avenues of approach" or pat some of our able boys on the head and say "Good luck to you and God bless you" and push them off to sink or swim. Obviously it would be asking for disaster to do that with one hand and with the other clutter up all the landing places with the nicely comfortable and patiently trained who will shout him down again with cries of: 'No room, no room.'

It is a problem that we must answer or continually shirk uncomfortably. And it is not enough to decide in every individual case that comes to our notice whether a boy will fret and stale if he has to wait before he can begin work.

KNIGHT ERRANT

 ONE day Sir Montmorency Stench
While sitting on a Hyde Park bench
Was smitten by a great Idea
Whereby he might become a Peer.
Sir Mont, perhaps we ought to say,
Had known full many a better day
And in his castle in the fens
Had kept vast quantities of hens.
While draining Pleasure to the dregs
He won a living out of eggs.
Alack! at last he left Romance
And staked his all on games of chance.
Poor fool was he to heed the call—
At these he never won at all.
He lost at Ludo all the best
And Snakes and Ladders did the rest.
He sold of course the family plate
And even ceased to dine at eight.
One day when all in one full clasp
He'd squandered five and six at Snap
Another shilling went on beer
And all proclaimed the end was near;
Yet as he sat with bated breath
And sought a quick and easy death
He had a thought which killed all strife,

Which eased his mind and saved his life.
 Now Peers (the scheme came in a flash)
 Are folk with pots and pots of cash.
 The very brave, it seemed to him,
 Must be in the aristocratic swim.
 Accordingly he must be bold
 To attain the longed for Peerish Fold.
 Alas! Although with gritted teeth
 He wandered all o'er Hampstead Heath,
 No chances ever came his way
 Whereby he might ensure the day.
 At length, a disappointed man,
 He made his mind up to make an
 Occasion in which he himself
 Should gain the Peerage and the Pelf.
 He pushed (of course with motive fine)
 A small boy in the Serpentine,
 And then, with quite heroic vim,
 Dived in—and found he could not swim.
 So now he's singing in the Choir
 As Angel Stench, 3144.

AHMED ABDULLAH

WE left Kilindini Harbour, Mombasa, at midday. The last deck-passenger had scurried up the gangway at an amazing speed considering the sweltering heat of the July sun and the aversion of the ordinary East Coast Arab to speed of any kind. Now the few Europeans bound for Zanzibar and Beira lolled over the rail and exchanged prolonged farewells with their friends and relatives who looked forlorn in their smart white duck and pith helmets against the dull grey of the warehouses. On the after-deck lascars were busily replacing the hatch covers over the third and fourth holds under the watchful eyes of the fat serang, and little clouds of steam came from the winches as the deck was cleared. Most of the deck-passengers, negroes from the Kenya interior, Indian or Arab merchants bound for Zanzibar, a Portuguese half-caste for Beira, were sleeping or lying in odd corners forward. We steamed slowly out through the narrow channel that divides Mombasa from the African mainland, into the Indian Ocean.

It was my at times unpleasant task to collect from these deck-passengers their tickets, if any, or the passage money if not, together with their passports, as soon as possible after departure, so that their names and particulars could be entered on the Immigration list required at Tanga, the next port of call. So I donned my topee for protection against the sun, and threaded my way forward, prodding the indifferent bundles of rags which make up the majority of East Coast humanity into some sort of activity.

My challenge of "Chitti munta," fondly imagined to be a demand in Hindustani for papers and tickets usually had the desired effect, consisting of a feverish search through voluminous and verminous robes, more or less white, gaudy bundles and

queer-shaped baskets. But most of them doubtless didn't understand Hindustani, let alone my particular brand, and they knew what I wanted in any case. Most of them answered in English, "Here ticket, sahib! All right, sahib?"

At last I had collected them all. No, nearly all. Round by the side of a little deck-house used for laundry by the saloon-crew, a miserable shape was huddled down in the scuppers. It was the last deck-passenger to come on board. He was as thin as a rake, with black eyes and a white, sunken face; looked half-starved, in fact. He was trembling from head to foot, and muttering to himself in Arabic, sobbing and shaking and rocking himself to and fro. No amount of persuasion could extort any ticket from him—only a terrific flow of Arabic of which I understood not a word. It was one long repetition of some terrible anguish, repeated over and over again, that left me bewildered and stunned. So we put a blank against his name on the passenger list and left him for the police and immigration officials at Tanga to deal with that evening.

Tanga didn't want him. Tanga declined to have anything to do with him and, in the shape of a red-faced, goggle-eyed police-sergeant who drank enormous quantities of pink gins in the purser's cabin, remarked with a kind of gloating satisfaction that Zanzibar wouldn't want him either.

This looked serious. "We shall have the b—— as far as Beira, Dip," said the Purser to me.

"Regular curse the fellow is—Ahmed Abdullah as he calls himself," explained our policeman, taking off his topee and mopping his perspiring brow, "His people in Zanzibar won't look at him since he was imprisoned for theft, and his papers are only valid for Kenya. Tries this on every month or so. God knows why he doesn't stay in Mombasa. Got as far as Dar-es-Salaam once, but Jenkinson soon got rid of him. By the way, did you know his wife's down with malaria again—Jenkinson's I mean, of course?"

I left the Purser to help sympathise with Jenkinson, and strolled round the bridge-deck. Tanga looked green and inviting in the twilight, and a faint breeze bore the sound of a gramophone from the shore. One or two passengers were coming aboard, and I soon forgot the unfortunate Arab in the routine of the departure.

We were in sight of Zanzibar at noon next day; it stretched in a shimmering haze amidst an almost motionless sea. The gentlest of winds brought the exotic, never-to-be-forgotten scent of cloves, a heady perfume that betrays the presence of Zanzibar for many miles out at sea. An Arab dhow crept slowly by in the opposite direction, of the type built today on the waterfront at Aden, with vast bows and decorated stern. The forest stretched along the shore as far as the eye could see; then we turned slowly landwards, and the town itself came into sight, a mass of dazzling white houses, mingled with palms, that seemed to come right down to the water's edge, a contrast in green and white that makes Zanzibar one of the most beautiful little ports in the world.

But it was time for action. Once more the deck-passengers had to be prodded to life, their passports returned to them, and then they had to be gathered together by the gangway, so that the police could have a good look at them directly they came on board. The engine-room telegraph vibrated above my head, and we stopped; the chain rattled downwards and we swung at anchor off Zanzibar. The

deck-passengers lolled about, looking directly in front of them or across the harbour. Ahmed Abdullah sat crouched up against a ventilator, his lips twitching convulsively, his skinny legs sticking out from his dirty robes like two brown branches. From time to time he burst out into his eternal complaint—the same repetition of words and phrases. One or two young native clerks who were disembarking here asked him questions in mock sympathy whenever he showed signs of tiring, and watched him with amused contempt as he launched forth again, smiling and nudging one another. Soon the police launch touched the side and the officials came quickly up the gangway.

The Immigration Officer frowned directly he saw Ahmed Abdullah, and swore under his breath. The Arab came up to him and began his whining recital which soon developed into an impassioned appeal. But he was cut short in a few curt words. "This man can't land here," said the Immigration Officer shortly, "Luckily the Dumra's going north tonight, he'll have to go back to Mombasa on her." He issued a few quiet instructions to his grinning native constables, who took charge of Ahmed Abdullah. The latter had lapsed now into silence; he stumbled down the gangway in front of the native policemen and crumpled up at the bottom of the launch, which was rocking gently in the swell.

That is all I know of Ahmed Abdullah, but I often see his poor, emaciated form and the tears running down his sunken cheeks, and hear his despairing wail and wonder what secret torment was burning inside him, driving him ceaselessly backwards and forwards along the African coast.

N.U.S. ANNUAL CONGRESS, 1937

THE annual congress of the National Union of Students was held this year at University College, Southampton, from April 1st to 8th. It was attended by about 160 students from almost every University and University College in the country, and by delegates from Teachers' Associations and International Student movements.

The subject of the Congress was the employment of University graduates, and to allow of thorough discussion the meetings were arranged for three sections, each with its own chairman.

1. Employment in Education. Chairman: Professor Cock.
2. Employment in Industry and Commerce. Chairman: Mr. L. E. Ball, of the University of London Appointments Board.
3. Employment in the Professions and Public Services. Chairman: Mr. T. S. Simey, Reader in Public Administration at the University of Liverpool.

The main meetings were arranged at different times so that any Congress member could be present at them all, whatever section he intended chiefly to attend. The speakers were practical in their addresses and helpful in the discussions that followed. Many of the resolutions that were formed in the subsections that gave attention to specific points arose from these main meetings, so that the causes and implications of those resolutions passed by the Congress were understood by the whole conference.

The chief speakers were:—

Education. Mr. W. S. Watkin, Director of Education for Gloucester on employment, Senior, Central and Secondary Schools.

Mr. J. L. Edwards, Secretary for Adult Education, University of Liverpool, on the conditions and requirements of work in Adult Education.

Professor Clarke, Director of the Institute of Education, London, on "Opportunities for Employment in the British Dominions and Colonies."
Industry and Commerce.

Dr. H. Schofield, Principal of Loughborough College, on the employment of graduate engineers.

Mrs. D. L. Wise, of the Women's Employment Federation, who outlined the opportunities of employment for university women.
Professions and Public Services.

Mr. J. Chuter Ede, M.P., on the lack of opportunity for graduates in Local Government.

Professor J. H. Jones, of the University of Leeds, on conditions in the older and organised professions and in the newer, expanding and undefined professions.

Mr. Hugh Gateshill, Tutor to the Higher Civil Service Students at University College, London, on the methods of entrance into the Higher Civil Service.

International investigation of the employment of University graduates was surveyed by M. A. Rosier, Director of the Bureau Universitaire de Statistique of Paris, and M. Max Schneebeil, the General Secretary of the International Student Service.

One problem that was considered of special importance in every section of the Congress was the haphazard means by which one enters into a career. More information and guidance as to means of entry, the training and requirements needed, the probability of obtaining a post and the actual conditions of work were generally felt to be needed.

The Industry and Commerce section made a special study of this question and recommended that appointment organisations should be established on certain lines (laid down in an appendix) in each University and University College. The women's sub-committee put forward the resolution that the knowledge of conditions of postgraduate employment for women gained by Appointments Boards should be supplied to the headmistresses of schools.

The Professions and Public Services Section passed a resolution : That there is need of some form of vocational guidance which may be given (a) by careers masters in schools and appointments boards in Universities, mutually co-operating; (b) by the introduction of a first-year course on careers, as outlined by Professor J. H. Jones.

The Education Section wished for more careful methods of recruiting teachers, emphasizing the need for making sure that candidates have some liking and aptitude for the work and a knowledge of the subjects in which there is a greater possibility of employment.

It was urged in every section that training and technical courses should be closely related to the industrial or commercial conditions which the graduate taking the course will have to meet on leaving the University.

The want of exact figures of employment, unemployment and mis-employment among University graduates was pointed out as a serious handicap to the consideration of unemployment and, perhaps more seriously, of misemployment among graduates.

Many resolutions of a more particular nature were passed, and it was generally felt that the choice of a subject of practical importance had been very successful. Not only did the assemblage of delegates and difficulties from particular Universities make it easier to see the general trend of conditions, but at least a nucleus of students is now well informed of the problems and nature of graduate employment and ready to work for the improvement of conditions.

There was another side to the Congress which almost overcame the serious discussions and passing of resolutions. Some members discussed their pet themes for the whole duration of the conference, and some played billiards with equal consistency, some spent the nights in dancing and the days in pleasant dalliance. The weather was kind and every hour from 8 a.m. till 2 a.m. the next day was filled. Delegates showed themselves active climbers, plumbers, organisers of ceremonials and processions and everything but studious students.

But a surprising amount of practical thought was passed in those innumerable resolutions.



THE session which is now coming to a close has shown a considerable improvement in the interest in and the achievements of the various clubs of the Athletic Union, when compared with the apathy which gave rise to some anxiety last session. To some extent, the influx of freshers with broader interests is responsible for this most welcome sign, and if similar sets of freshers come up each year in the future, "Wessex" need not worry about any falling off in the standard of athletic achievement; in fact, considerable promise of higher standards of sport can be confidently anticipated.

Two of the most welcome signs of this increased enthusiasm are to be found in the Fencing Club, and the Boxing Club. The former, under the keen direction of Capt. Wakefield, has had a most successful season, and promises even better things next session. With regard to the Boxing Club, the band of enthusiasts responsible for its re-formation must be congratulated upon the success of the Club under great difficulties. Discontinued for over a year owing to lack of facilities, the club determined to overcome these difficulties and make a fresh start; a competent coach became interested in the club, and, although activities were confined to the Spring term only, sufficient advance was made for the club to be recognised as worthy of colours; the spirit prevalent among the members indicate that when a gymnasium is erected in the College, Southampton boxing will be a big factor in the U.A.U. programme.

The winter sports as a whole showed decided improvement in standard; rugger have more wins to their credit this year than for many seasons previously, and their standard of playing showed considerable advance over previous years. This is particularly encouraging when it is realised that they were without the services of their able captain, Moir, who had the misfortune to break his leg in the Autumn Term.

Soccer was, perhaps, the most disappointing of the winter clubs. Opening with promising playing material, the hopes of a successful season were not fulfilled, and, although individual play was of a high standard, the team work was not very encouraging. Injuries made considerable difference to the club, but even so greater things

might have been done. The club had the honour, however, of sending one representative to the U.A.U. Trial Match, and in the Spring term, Wallace was chosen to play for the U.A.U. at Exeter against the F.A. XI. Those who saw him play there will agree that he will have a great future in the game if only he will put all his energy into his play.

In contrast to soccer, the Cross Country Club had its most successful season ever, and were sufficiently strong to enter for the U.A.U. championship, where they were by no means disgraced. As a number of the team will be staying on next year, another good season is anticipated for the club next session.

The Boat Club justified the building of a new boat house by working up three very strong eights, and with any ordinary luck would have had a brilliant season; continual bad luck dogged them however, but even so, the club must look back on the season with no small degree of pride. So great, in fact, was the Club's prestige, that the women decided to emulate the men, and formed the Women's Boat Club. The founders of the Club ambitiously hope that the day will not be far off when they have to discard the descriptive title of "Women's," and will leave it to the men to give a distinguishing name to the masculine efforts!

The two hockey clubs, although not of outstanding merit, kept up their standard, although the women must be sympathised with over their ground difficulty; having to play every game away during the spring term is no small handicap, but the club should reap the benefit next season when their game develops more into hockey and less into a mountaineering effort, now that the pitch has been levelled out somewhat.

Netball provided the highlights of the winter season, by getting into the final of the W.I.U.A.B. only to be narrowly beaten at the last hurdle; congratulations to the 1st VII on keeping the name of the College to the front in University Athletics.

Of the summer sports, more encouraging news could be given if that dreadful and all absorbing spectre of examinations were absent. As it is, many valuable souls are being dragged away from the fresh air of Wednesdays and Saturdays to be chained to tomes of knowledge. Those people not so immediately concerned with their academic welfare, however, are putting up a good show, and this is particularly true of the Athletics Club. A splendid team has been built up, and there is less need for one man to do several events this year—a pleasing contrast to former seasons when some poor unfortunates were wont to shoulder the responsibilities of several races. Consequently, the standard has considerably improved, resulting in the victory over Bristol University for the first time for a number of years, and the annexing of the Hants Inter-Collegiate Trophy by a large margin of points.

One individual may be mentioned in particular, who will one day be in the foreground of athletics in England. Wallace, the sprinter, representing Hampshire in the British Games at Whitsun, came fourth in the final of the 100 yds., indicating that already he is one of England's foremost sprinters. With care and coaching he should become a champion before leaving College, and the best wishes of all College sportsmen will go with him in both his athletics and soccer.

The Cricket Club has demonstrated that much may be expected of them this season, although too much reliance is being placed at present on the ball, in the pious hope that the bat may do the trick once the ball has done the damage. A fine win over Exeter has put hopes of a U.A.U. final at least, into the breast of many a cricket enthusiast.

The tennis clubs are in a similar position, although up to the present, results do not fully justify such optimism, whilst swimming is maintaining the strong reputation built up by the Club in the past season or two.

The whole year may thus be looked back upon with some satisfaction, and the hope that the standard of play will be an encouragement to next year's participants to do even better, and help to put U.C.S. even more prominently on the map of University Athletics.



HIGHFIELD HALL

This year Highfield has gone gay. Two Boat Club Dances have enlivened two Saturday nights more than usual, and the three summer days of the present term have shown our lawn looking like Palm Beach.

Our water system is a constant problem, even the Principal had to make tender enquiries as to our cleanliness following some disturbing comments in *Wessex News*.

This term has shown us far more practical than we ever realised we were. We have scrubbed floors and stuffed mattresses and nearly suffocated the Hall with the fluff of hundreds of towels intended for Basque children. Our own Hall has become quite cosmopolitan, and our vocabulary is now quite rich in Spanish.

Our Warden will leave Highfield for a Women's University House in Birmingham at the end of next session and Highfield will miss her greatly. Miss Carpenter has been Warden of Highfield Hall almost all its short life and its customs and traditions have largely grown up under her Wardenship. We wish her every success in her new position.

CONNAUGHT HALL

During what will be for many of us the last term of our College career, we are pleased to record several improvements which we hope will add a good deal to the comfort of students in sessions to come. The abolition of the unpopular statting, the gradual improvement of the immediate precincts of the Hall by the gardener

whenever he has had time, and minor additions and improvements to the J.C.R., have constituted a good term's achievement. We are still hoping for something in the way of provision against the icy blasts of winter and are looking forward to the time when as Old Hartleyans we can return to a Hall which for comfort and convenience will be second to none.

The amazing agility of one member of the Hall who showed his patriotism by placing the Union Jack at the very top of a tree has led us to think that we have in our midst that long-sought phenomenon, the Missing Link. Truly, no human agency could have placed the flag in position. However, the excitement of Coronation is now over and the eternal drive for Finals and Dip has regained its supremacy.

STONEHAM HALL

We have had our window frames at Stoneham painted, but that does not mean that we are going all gay : Stoneham continues to be the abode of peace and industry. Its stateliness is enhanced by the dignified appearance of a bloodhound often to be seen strolling over the lawns, and the garden is now really recovering from the drastic changes it has undergone. In many ways it is already far better than it used to be.

Our chairman, in spite of his wide interests, is serving the house well, and we hope the same may be said of the rest of us.

Our relations with other Halls have been pretty consistently friendly, as we are conscious of the high standard we must set. Please let us know if it is too high.

MONTEFIORE HALL

The records of Montefiore Hall during the past session show that our numbers have not decreased. The Juniors this year have, on the whole, shown great enthusiasm and a sense of unity has pervaded the Hall.

We gave an entertainment in the winter term which was, so we are told, a successful one, and the staff tea given by Montefiore and Russell Halls was much enjoyed by staff and students.

Those of us who are going down would like to wish "Monte" the best of luck in the future.

RUSSELL HALL

At the time-honoured tea which the hall gave in co-operation with Montefiore, everyone seemed to have a very good time. As has been recorded, the room was very attractively arranged and we had not only a good tea, but also (which is more important) good talk. For this is an occasion when we can meet members of the staff in other departments and faculties and get to know them over a cup of tea.

We have heard it rumoured that Russell Hall is not taking as large a part in College life as is desirable. It is true that the temptation to have nothing to do with College affairs, except attending lectures, is stronger for people living out, and that we have too large a proportion of our membership making this their habit. Nevertheless one finds large numbers of Russell Hall men prominent in all kinds of activity. In sports, athletics, union and College societies, we can see the more socially conscious members of Russell Hall. If any of those Russell hermits are reading this, which I very much doubt, please see to it that the criticism becomes completely untenable. No doubt a room of our own will help us to cultivate the social spirit more strongly.

We lose this term some of our most well-known members and we wish them every success in their jobs.

